It is the fashion to laugh at the "Colum blad," but the author, Joel Barlow, was not by any means a man to be laughed at. On the contrary, he was one of the most distinguished and interesting persons of his day, and no series of biographies of eminent Americans complete without an adequate acsount of his diversified, useful, and honorable sareer. In the life of none of his American contemporaries do we see reflected with more thoroughness and vividness the feelings and ideas and all the various aspects of the civiliza-Hon characteristic of the generation which immediately succeeded the Revolutionary war. What singularly enhances the value of Bar-low's experiences and achievements is the fact that while on one side he was a typical American, on the other he was cosmopolitan to an extent reached by very few, if indeed by any of his countrymen. He was not only an eyewitness of the most dramatic and most pregnant events of modern times, the convulsions, enthusiasms, transformations, and conquests of the French Revolution and the Napoleonie empire, but he was intimately associated with the apostles and the martyrs of social and political reform in France and England, and assisted at the planting whose barvest, though it was deferred by the Tory reaction in the one country and by militarism in the other, was to be garnered triumphantly in 1830. There was scarcely a single conspicuous member of the Whig party in the House of Commons or important figure in the National Convention with whom Barlow was not personally acquainted during the momentous years movements, incidents, and individualities of that extraordinary era a copious and at times a searching light is derivable from his private etters, which should have been collected and published long ago. We are happy to say that for these documents the work of compilation and illustrative comment has at last been terials for a right appreciation of their author have been turned to good account in the Life and Letters of Joel Barlow by CHARLES BURR Topo (Putnam & Co.).

western Connecticut, only eight miles from the New York border, in 1754, and was, therefore, an intelligent observer of the popular upheaval which culminated in the declaration of independence, when he was twenty-two years old. On both sides he came of sound and ing been respected landowners and his mother being a member of the Hull family, which gave to the American navy one of its most distinguished Commodores. His parents were not rich, but they were able to bestow on him the highest education which the colonies afforded, for from an excellent grammar school at Hanover, N. H., he was transferred first to Dartmouth and soon afterward to Yale, where he took his bachelor's degree in 1778. The circumstances are worth noting that among the professors and tutors with whom he was brought into close relations were Timothy Dwight, Joseph Buckminster, and Abraham Baldwin (subsequently Senator from Georgia) and that the class in which he took high rank included men of such conspicuous talent as Oliver Wolcott and Noah Webster. It is also significant that his commencement poem suggested, and, indeed, contained the germ of the patriotic epic on which the author was to spend so much earnest aspiration and ill-remunerated labor. But he was hardly out of college before he entered on the wide and strangely diversified experience of life which was to make of him a man of business and of public usefulness as well as a man of letters. and it was demonstrated betimes that, how ever far short he might fall of poetical eminence, he was to solve triumphantly the prob lem of social elevation and self-support. At the outset, however, he had to attack the world's shell at more than one cravice before it would open to his knife, and perhaps his youth's apprenticeship to several vocations acsounts for the case and the sagacity of his commerce with men on a wider stage and at He turned first, not unnaturally, to the

Joel Barlow was born at Redding, in south-

elerical profession, and it may be inferred that his religious opinions were already somewhat too liberal for the New Haven theologians, from the fact that he was lisensed to preach not by the Congregational ministers of Connecticut but by those of western Massachusetts. His views, notwithstanding, proved quite orthodox enough for the veterans of the Massachusetts line, to a brigade of which young Barlow was commissioned chaplain. With the army be passed three years from the summer of 1780 to the general disbandment at Newburgh in the autumn of 1783. Barlow, who had married in the mean time a young lady of New Haven, the sister of the future Senator Baldwin, now determined to renounce a clerical career, and fixing his abode at Hartford, founded a weekly newspaper, the American Mercury. To this journal he sontributed a series of thoughtful essays on surrent political topics in which his biographer would have us see the progenitors, so far as this country is concerned, of the modern leading article. In the journalism of that day wever, there was scant hope of a livelihood and the ex-chapiain and ex-editor betook him self next to the law, and in 1786 he was permitted to practise at the Fairfield bar. As h was by no means successful in this, his third profession, during the two years which were yet to supervene before his essay in a much wider and more congenial field of effort, there was doubtless much shaking of the head among the wiseacres, and many aphoristic allusions to jacks of all trades and rolling stones. He was, in truth, to stumble once more before fairly started on the smooth and straight road to prosperity, for the speculative projects of the Scioto Land Company, in whose interes Barlow was sent to Europe in 1788, soon ended in disgrace and bankruptcy. How entirely agent of the company was absolved by its European victims from responsibility for its hollow pretensions and mondacious promises is proved by the fact that its collapse, instead of swamping him, left him with higher reputs and stronger influence than ever.

There must have been in Barlow's conduct and character convincing demonstration of his personal integrity to overcome so thoroughly the prejudice naturally excited on only by his connection with what too good grounds was looked upon in France as a fraudulent enterprise. But there must have been something more than belief in his uprightness to account for the really extraordinary influence which he rapidly acquired among Frenchmen of al! classes, and to the signal advantage of his countrymen retained unimpaired up to the date of his premature death. We can only explain the cordial regard felt for him at Paris. no approach to which has been made by any other American except Franklin, by imputing to Barlow the intensely sympathetic and taking qualities by which Frenchmen are themselves so bappily distinguished, and whose counterparts encountered in a foreigner they would instinctively recognize and welcome with delight. It is clear, indeed, from the genial and sprightly tone of Barlow's letters, their brightness of coloring, their airiness of touch, that the raw Yankee who bore with him to Europe only such provincial education and refinement as his young country could supply, was in grain and essence a Parisian, sure to ripen with surprising celerity into a citizen of the world.

Cosmopolitan he soon became in the worthios and largest sense of the word, by his tolerance, his magnanimity, his receptiveness, his re-sponsiveness, and the constantly expanding range of his interests and his activities Romantic his life was in a degree but seldom met with outside of fiction, and though the dream of becoming a great poet, which as a young man he caressed in the Vision of Columbus," and to which he strove to give fruition in the "Columbiad," was to be left unfulfilled, he achieved many another disalaction unexpected as a dream. Barlow's letter

of counsel and suggestion read before the National Convention in September, 1792, made so deep an impression on that body that the honor ferred on him, and he came within a hair's breadth of being chosen Deputy from Savoy to that memorable assembly. In the mission to nent peril, he bore himself with such ascontaining address and that as to make a friend and virtually a servant of the Dev. and although long abandoned by his own Government, and even in the end supplied with mos inadequate resources, he managed to rescue hundreds of his luckless countrymen from the most appailing aufferings. Even in the circumstances of his death there was a touch of dig-nity and beauty, which long since, but for the tenacious power of political antipathies, would have been gratefully commemorated. He literally died in the service of his country, stricken down amid the frosts of Poland, whither, as the American Minister to France, he had proture of Napoleon, then absorbed in his calamutmost moment to the United States.

Not a few Americans have managed to spend a fortune in Paris, but Joel Barlow made one. The situation in which the disastrous failure of the Scioto Land Company had left him would have seemed entirely untenable to most sojourners in a strange land. His means were very narrow, yet he had not only to support himself, but to maintain in decent comfort a young wife who recently had joined him. But his self-confidence and native buoyance of spirit did not for a moment fall him. Barlow seems to have united, like many educated Frenchmen, the qualities that fit men at once for business and for society. His shining in the salon did not disqualify him, as it might a less rounded intelligence, for efficient labor in the counting room. He had the gift of making friends and of inspiring them with faith in his abilities as well as in his loyalty. That was all the capital he had, but he soon contrived to gain, first, a lucrative employment, and prosently the means for embarcation in ventures on his own account. The opportunities for gain were great to a quick-witted and farsighted man who was so placed as to have access to them. The energy with which Barlow plunged into commerce and finance brought him with amazing promptitude a handsome competence, which relieved him from all sordid preoccupations for the remainder of his life, We see him in the three years between 1793 and his acceptance of the dangerous mission to Algiers devoting himself with unflagging asslduity to trade and speculation. "He is," says his blographer, "in Hamburg, in Amsterdam, (in Antwerp, quite frequently 'on business.' His ledgers of the period show accounts with many ships, Captains, and cities. He invested largely in French Government consols which rose rapidly after the victories of Napoloon and vielded him a fortune." He died at the age of fifty-eight, and, although born poor. he gave in his whole lifetime only three years to the work of money making, yet in that time. as we learn by a letter written to his wife from Algiers, he had amassed a capital of \$120,000a sum which, by the modest standard of his American contemporaries, represented ten

times as much as it would now.

The bulk of the fortune thus rapidly acquired was never distinated, though the income was freely and generously expended. Barlow was for many years the almoner of Robert Fulton, and some of the most interest ing letters in this volume reveal the unremitting sympathy and substantial aid with which he encouraged the inventor's long abortive experiments in submarine and steam navigation. He followed with the liveliest concern the course of scientific discovery and speculation, and was always ready to promote applications of science to the mechanical arts Of the fine arts he became a discriminating critic, and within the limits of his means a liberal patron. He could live in earnest fellowship and active cooperation with such divergent representatives of intellectual activity as Fulton the inventor, Trumbull the paint er, and Noah Webster the philologist. The latter's correspondence with Barlow would be worth quoting at length, both for the intrinsic value of the ideas communicated and for the writer's proof of confidence in his friend's com plete appreciation of his broad and elevated aims. But in no way was the scope of Barlow'. sympathies and knowledge more strikingly at tested than by his carefully elaborated project for a comprehensive American Institute, mod elled on the Institute of France. A bill we introduced in Congress to carry out this purpose, in which President Jefferson heartil concurred. But both of the promoters of this plan for the stimulation and coordination of scientific, literary, and artistic accomplishment ance of their American contem poraries, if they were not also of the present

### generation of their countrymen. M. W. H. Not a Serious Scholar.

Nothing so much excites the ire of Prof. E. A. Freeman as the intrusion of mere rhetoricians, who care more about pleasing that instructing, on the sacred precinct of historical fact. He has been for many years a thorn i the side of Mr. Froude, and now he has disciplined Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, who, next to Ruskin, Froude, and Matthew Arnold, is perhaps the most agreeable contemporary writer of English prose. Mr. Harrison is pronounced by Prof. Freeman "not a serious scholar." be cause in discussing certain names and terms belonging to what Prof. Freeman calls "Early English," but which the profane vulgar still lesignate as Anglo-Saxon, he betrayed ignorance of the true meaning of the word gelf. The sentence may seem rather disproportioned to the transgression, but the fact is that Mr.

Harrison is an old offender. In a volume of his essays lately reprinted in New York under the title of The Choice of Books (Putnams'), one of the most ambitious papers is an account of St. Bernard, the famous confuter of Abelard's heresies and preacher of the second rusade. In this subject Mr. Harrison thought se saw a chance of developing, after the fashion of Do Quincey, a startling and ingenious parodox by contending that the second crusade, which has always been regarded as an egregious failure, really had momentous consequences, and was indispensable to the preservation of Christendom.

The proof of this novel proposition rests al most wholly on the assertion that the crusade was needed to arrest the progress of Genghis Khan, to the impact of whose forces, already overwhelming Asia, Europe must have othervise succumbed. The objection to this theory is that St. Bernard was doad and the second crusade over before Genghis was born. It seems to follow that an ordinary school his-tory might be included with profit in Mr. Har-rison's Choice of Books" for his own reading.

"Marvellous in Our Ryes," by Emma E. Hernibrook Caseell & Co.), is a dramatic sombre story of Irish life. C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, publishes a useful manual by J. L. Barritt, entitled "How to Teach Penmanship in

"Old Fulkerson's Clerk," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth (Cassell & Co.), is an exciting story of defalcation and oritor, in which a wife's patient endurance meets with a

fitting reward.
"Look Within " (G. W. Carleton & Co.) seems to be compendium of about everything that concerns the cappiness of the human race, from domestic cookery to nedicine and law. The Seventeenth Annual Report of the Board of In-

lian Commissioners (Government Printing Office) is accompanied by the best map we have yet seen of the Indian reservations.

The twelfth part of John Ruskin's "Præferita" (Wi-

ley), completing the first volume, is entitled "Roslyn (hapel," but it relates more to personal experience than o architectural studies. "The Panniar Letters of Peppermint Perkins" have been reprinted from the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette by Ticknor & Co. To the admirers of the writer's wit

and wisdom this publication will prove welcome. Mary J. Safford has translated from the German o Withelm Walloth "The King's Treasure House" (W. S. Gottsberger), a remarkable story of ancient Egypt, the scens of which is laid in the time of the Jewish captivity. scens of which is laid in the time of the Jewish captivity.

We have received from Desc.es, Lefebvre & Co. of Tournay. Belgium, copies of the Parvum Missale and the Saucti Auseimi Martale, published under the author-ity of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. They are models of typographical eleganca.

The Fruit Sceker Company have issued the fourth edi-

tion of "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen H. Gardener, a carefully prepared contaught on Christianity. Mr. Robert G. Ingereoff, in an introduction to the work, ex-presses the opinion that no human being can answer the author's arguments. We have received from Gallanda & Co. "The Philose-

phy of Words," by Frederick Unlands, a nopular intro-duction to the science of language. Each useful ela-mentary information may be obtained from this little work, which we commend to young persons of philolog-

work, which we comment to young persons of philological or ethnological tastes.

"Modern Language in Education," by Frof. George F. Comfort (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), is a reprint of a paper published in Scribert's Magazine about fourteen years ago. The author discusses with much intelligence the question of eliminating the classic languages from the

question of eliminating the classic languages from the curriculum of American colleges.

"The Conspiracy Against Silver; or, a Plea for Bimetallism in the United States," by B. J. Parmer (Cleveland, Host & Coggshall), is a handy compilation of the popular arguments for bimetallism, some of which, we are sorry to say, are entirely unsound, and hurt the cause of silver more than they help it.

Under the title of "The Saunterer" Ticknor & Co. have unbished a volume of contributes.

published a volume of contributions, in prose and verse, by Charles Goodrich Whiting, to the Sunday editions of the Springfield Republican. They have mostly been sug-gested by the aspects of external nature, and exhibit effined feeling and intelligent observation. "The Russian Storm Cloud," by Stepniak (Harper's

Franklin Square Library), is a dispassionate account of the character and progress of the revolution now agi-tating Russia. The author is a Nibilist, and writes with a calmness and precision not generally associated with the class of revolutionists to which he belongs. "The Wealth of Households," Danson (Clarendon Pross, Oxford), is a well-written elementary treatiss on

political economy adapted to the use of schools. At this moment, when the relations of labor to capital are attracting so much attention, the light which the author throws upon the subject will prove very helpful.

We have received from Cassell & Co. the second volume of the series of " Actors and Actresses," edited by Brander

Matthewa and Laurence Hutton. It covers the histrionic period beginning about 1775 and ending in 1825, and is appropriately entitled "The Kembles and their Contemoraries." The biographical notices are well done. Br. H. E. Krebbiel is the author of a "Review of the New York Musical Season, 1883-1880" (Novello, Ewer & Co.), comprising a chronological list, with occasional criticisms, of the operas, concerts, and musical enter-

tainments of every description offered to the public of this city during the last nine months. It is likely to prove useful as a book of reference. Mr. Franc's H. Underwood is the author of a "Hand book of English History," based on the lectures of the late M J. Guest (Lee & Shepard). It is written with ex-treme simplicity of style, and would make an excellent introductory manual for schools. A clearer outline of English history has never been presented. The writer has aimed to be ex-et and impartial, and has succeeded.
The Employees' Relief Association of Baltimore pub-lish a pamphlet, by Dr. W. T. Barnard, entitled "The Re-lations of Railway Managers and Employees," It is a temperate discussion of the relations between labor and capital, and the author favors the opinion that these re-lations can be adjusted only by industrial partnerships

between expitalists and their workmen. between capitalists and their workmen.

A novel of more than ordinary interest is Mr. Thorold
King's "Haachisch" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago).
There is no marked individuality in any of the characters, and several of the situations seem improbable or unreasonable, but the author knows how to construct a good plot, to carry it skilfully to its final unravelment, and to hold the reader's attention throughout. If this be the first effort of a new writer, it is evidently the forc-

runner of much better work,
"Socialism and Christianity," by A. J. F. Behrends, D. D., is the substance of a series of lectures delivered before the Hartford Theological Seminary. The author was at considerable pains to consult the most eminent authorities, and to acquire every scrap of information which would throw light upon his subject. He has pro-duced a work of unquestionable usefulness, written with impartiality and conscientious accuracy, and com-

prehending the issues which the socialistic problem brings before us at the present moment. "French and German Socialism in Modern Times" (Harper's Handy Series) is the substance of a series of lectures delivered before the students of Johns Hopkin and Cornell by Prof. Richard T. Ely. His aim, the au hor says, has been to give an impartial presentation of modern communism and socialism in their two strong-holds, Germany and France. No clearer or more compre-hensive account of the socialistic movement, whether

ever appeared, and we comment it to all who desire to acquire an elementary knowledge of the subject. The New York Catholic Publication Society have issued a "Life of Margaret Clitherow," by Lectitia elwyn Oliver, with a preface by Father John Morris, S. J. The subject of this memoir, a devoted adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, was put to death in York in 1882 by the terrible peine fortest dure—that is, crushed to death-for having harbored in her hous priests of her faith. She refused to consent to a trial by jury, although advised by the Judges that the evidence against her was so slight that she would probably be acquitted, and died a martyr's death in full communion with her Church. The narrative is impressively told.
"New England Sunday," by Henry M. Brooks, is the most recent contribution to the "Olden Time Series." published by Ticknor & Co. The author gives a brief

sketch of the gradual abatement of the Sabbath-keeping ferror in New England from the year 1780, when Presi-dent George Washington was arrested by a tithingman in Connecticut for travelling on Sunday, to the present day. He laments the falling off in the attendance upon public worship on Sunday, and attributes it partially to the influence of the "emotional" and ritualistic services of the Episcopal Church. He is probably mistaken in this opinion. The very mild ritual introduced into o thodox congregational churches in New England and elsewhere has proved an unexpected attraction; the old people, perhaps, stay away, but their places are more went to church at all.

"Harriet, the Moses of her People," by Sarah H. Brad-ord (George R. Lockwood & Son ), is the story of Harriet Tubman, a negro woman of almost incredible sagacity bravery, and endurance, who, having made her own escape from slavery, returned to the South nineteer imes and brought back with her over three hun dred fugitive slaves. During the war of the rebel-lion she was attached to the Union forces in South Carolina, and rendered invaluable services as soon; spy, and hospital nurse. For these she has never reseived any remuneration. Harriet, now well advance. in years, is still striving to sid the feeble and oppressed of her race, but is too poor to do for them according to her desires. The author hopes from the proceeds of this little volume to be able to assist her in her henevolen work. The narrative is succinct and clear, and fre-quently told in Harriet's own words. "The Midge" the heroine of Mr. H. C. Bunner's novel

of that name (Scribners), is a quaintly conceived charac-ter which lends an interest to the story that its plot and incidents are scarcely likely to arouse. The gradual development of the puny, prematurely old and precoclous child of twelve into an attactive woman is po trayed with consummate skill. Mr. Sunner is to be congratulated upon having added an original and striking character to the domain of fiction. The story itself is simple to baldness, but we must thank the author for the bits of local color which he introduces. That part of New York comprehending the French quarter, and lying south of Clinton place, between Broadway and Indson street, and extending to Grand street is de scribed by one evidently familiar with the locality, and whose only fault seems to be that he has imparted a somewhat dyllic charm to what must be considered a few rather disreputable thoroughfares.

We have received from the Scribners three mere coplously illustrated volumes of their "Wonder" series: 'The Sublime in Nature," by Ferdinand De Lanoye; Meteors, Aerolites, Storins, and Atmospheric Phenou ena," from the French of Zurcher and Margolle; and "The Wonders of Engraving," by Georges Dupless of The first is composed of extracts from the writings of travellers, savants, and even of novellets, who ar either familiar with the most remarkable scene of both hemispheres, or who have described nature in the abstract, Humboldt, De Saussure, and Le clus appearing in the one category, and Chateaubrian Bernardin de St. Pierre, and George Sand in the other. The volume on atmospherical phenomena is a compact but comprehensive manual, conveying in popular form the sum of human knowledge on the subject. The third volume of the series is a carefully prepared abstract of the history of engraving by one of the most accom-plished modern writers on art and archivology. An adfittonal chapter or two, bringing the subject down t the present day, would have been an improvement,

## . Naval Apprentices.

TOTHE EDITION OF THE SUN-Sir: I noticed an advertisement in your Sinds yedition stating: "Wanted apprentices for the U. S. Savy." I am now in my leth year, and make hold to ask your advice as to what are two proceeds to any for a moderately bright, diligent boy after serving three years the class of loys, the work, and any other information you may deem necessary.

A. B.

Boys who are not thoroughly convinced that a sailor Any boy can learn for himself something about the dis coinforts of life at sea if he will get out of hed at mis-night when there is a storm raging and go out, dressed only in coat and trousers, and climb a tree, and husy himself nutil day light by cutting off limes with a jack-knife. This is hardly the season for a fair trial however, a sleet storm late in the fall would give a better idea of the real life which sallors live. If a fair trial of this does not discourage the young man, it is much better to at first enter the navy than the

man, it is much better to at first enter the navy than the merchant service. In the three years' apprenticeship a dilicrat boy would become an able seaman, and, if ambitious, something of a navigator. He could then leave the may, and, by hard work and steady habits secure advancement in the merchant service, until he compared to a sing, if he remained in the navy the same approach of a sing, if he remained in the navy the same approaches a sing, if he remained in the rank of boatswall, animaker, gunter, or master's mate, where there would be an ended to the same and a moderate con work to do and no honors to gain, and a moderate con work to do and no honors to gain, and a moderate con work to do and no honors to gain, and a moderate con work to do and no honors to gain, and a moderate con work to do and no honors to gain, and a moderate con work to gain the advances in the navy that young men who deliberate by devote themselves to the life of a sailor before the mast are lacking in some of the better characteristics of Americans.

# PORMS WORTH READING

Chaos I writhe at this ery of Labor, And wish it was over and gone; bees money harden the heart strings And anarchy spring from brawn?

What is your civilization Better range in the forest Than hur! the boom on its way. Does the touch of the dollar poison, And the hand stroke fire the blood? Then law and order and progress

Were only a fancied good. And what will come in the future ! Read me the riddle, friend; If you tell me the names of the leaders, I will tell you how it will end. Tan Brians, Va., May 1886.

Spylng. From the Samerellie Journal. I sit in the light house tower
With a spyc ass in my hand,
And to test its wondrous power
I scan the sea and land, The long day nears its ending,
The sun sinks to the sea.
The sun-et colors blending
In gentle harmony. The beach is still and lonely,

Far out from land they're sitting, she nestling close to him, And with arder unremitting They spoon in the twilight dim. Her head upon his shoulder,
She sits in perfect thiss,
And smiles when he grows holder,
And steals from her a kiss. And I mildly wonder whether They would sit upon the pier, And spoon like that together, If they knew that I was here.

Owed to the Cow. From the Columbus Dispatch. O cow, where'er thou browse for food, Assume a boider attitude, And torn thy meek and dreamy eye Triumphantly to meet the sky l At buxon maids switch not thy tail, Nor overturn in rage the pall; In short, by action dignified, Display to man thy proper pride. Graze on, O cow, and chew and dream? The milk will give its fitting cream; The cream be given to the clurn Which gives the butter, in its turn. To market will the butter go In golden balls, in tier and row; No oil nor grease, called buttering, Shall in a borrowed garb be seen. Feed on, O cow, in sunshine bask, Thou hast protection in the task; And artful man shall not compete With thee. The victory is complete.

Captain Ortis's Booty. From the Boston Transcript Captain Ortis (the tale I tell Petit told in his chronicle) Gained from Aiva, for service and duty At Antwerp's capture, the strangest boolf, Then each Captain chose, as I hear, That for guerdon he held most dear. Craved what in chief he set heart of his on : Out strode Ortis and claimed the prison I Such a tumult! for be assured, Greatly the Judges and priests demurred; No more criminals alone in that My such Darkness died, but the foce of religion.

There lay heretics by the scare, Analogue's, and many more Hard to catch; but let loose when caught, your Tunid squircels forego the torture, Never! Suddenly sank the noise, Alva spoke in his steely voice: "He's my soldier, sans daw or blemish; Let him burn as he likes these Flemish." "Sire, as you please," the Governor said,
"Only King Philip's effect read—"
Alva spake: "What is King or Cortes !"
"Open the portais!" cried Captain Oriis,

"Loose the prisoners, set them free; Only—each pays a ransom fee!" Out, be sure, poured the gold in buckets, Plies on piles of broad Flanders ducats. Ay, and there followed not gold alone; Men and women and children, thrown In chains to perish, came out forgiven— Saw light, friends' faces, and thought it heaven. Out they staggered, so halt and blind From rack and darkness they scarce could find The blessed gate where daughter and mother, Father and brother, all found each other. "Freedom! Our darlings! Let God be praised;"
So cried all; then said one, amazed;
"Who is he, under heaven, that gave us
Thought and pity? Who cared to save us !" "Capt. Ortis (the answer ran),
"The Spanish Lancer; here's the man.
Ay, but don't kill han with too much caressing;
Death's sour salad with sweetest dressing,"

Danger, indeed; for never hath been in brave old Aniwerp such a scene— Boldes; patriot, fairest womm, Blessing him, kneit to the Spanish foeman. Ortis looted his prize of gold.
And yet, I think, if the truth be told.
He found, when the ducats were gone with the pleasure
That heretic blessing a lasting treasure. Yet my Captain, to certain eyes, Seems war-hardened and worldly-wise, "Twere for a hero," yeu say, "more handsome To give the freedom, nor take the ransom."

True; but think of this hero's lot. No Quixote he, nor Sir Lanneelot. But a needy soldier, half starved, remember, With cold and hunger, that Northern December; Just such an one as Parma meant When he wrote to Philip, in discontent,

Warea clothing, they do without, Wine fire even; they'll learn, no doubt, To live without meat for their mouths; Only they die first as yet, poor fesiowa." Yes, and I praise him, for my part, This man, war-beaten and tough of heart, Who, scheming a body, no doubt, yet planned it, More like a saint, as I think, than a bandit,

What, my friend, he's too coarse for you? Will usught less than a Gaishal do? Well, for nobler, no doubt, your sort is, But 1-I declare for Captain Ortis! A MARY F ROBINSON

Disneter. From the Boston Budget. A hole in the packetta a very bed thing,
And brings a buy trouble faster
Than anything under the am. I think;
My mother, she calls it disaster.
For all in one day.
Tiost I may say.
Through a hole not as high as a dollar,
Anumber of things,
Including some rings,
From a chain Fido wore as a collar.

From a chain Fido were us a collar.

My knife, a steel pen, a nice little note
That my dear cousin Annie had sent met
The boy who found that pinned it on to his hat,
And tries all the time to torment mo.
That the colline time.

But it lodged in the heal of my stocking,
And one thing beside,
Which to you I condide,
Though I fear you may talak it quite shocking.

The doctor had made some nice little pills
For me to take home to the baby;
But, when I reached there. I was quite in despair,
They had slipped through my pecket, it may be,
Aunt Saille, she,
Ascool ascen be,
Ball a hole in a boy's reputation
I sharder to cure,
And ware to see fure,
Than all pockets unsound in the nation. Still, a hole in the pocket's a very had thing, And I'm sure a real cause of disaster; But body is well, so you never must tell; Perhaps he got worl all the faster.

#### Ircland. From the Chicago Citizen.

Here's to Donegal
And her people brave and tall,
Here's to Antrius, to Leitrius, and Derry;
Here's to Cavan and to Louis,
Here's to Carlow in the soulis
Here's to Uniform the fourth

Then clink glasses clink, 'Tis a tonat for all to drink And let every wice come in at the chorus;
For Ireland is our home.
And wherever we may roam
We'll be true to the dear land that hore us.

Here's to Tyrons.
Where O'Neill tour held his ewn:
Here's to Monaghan, Fermanagh, and Kildars, boys,
Here's to her whose stroke
Broke the hated lenal yoke,
And you know that's the brave county Clare, boys! Here's to Silgo and to Down, To Armsel of old renown; Here's to Kitsenny, famed in story, Here's to Wexford, o'er whose name Bhines a crown of desirbles fame. And here's to Royal Meath and her giory,

Here's to Galway and Mayo,
That n ver feared a foe;
Here's to Wicklow, its pease and its passes;
Here's to Limerica, fames o'er ail
For its well defended wal.
And still more for the beauty of its lasses!

Here's to sallant Cork,
The next county to New York.
Here's to Moscommo, bright and airy;
And here's to Westmeath.
Where a tyrant scarce can breathe;
And here's to unconquered Tappersy!

Queen's county, too, we'll toast.
And the King's, for both can boast.
They are note the invaler got some trouble in;
And now to fluish up.
And we'll Crink, boys, to joily sittle Dublin!
T. D. Sullir, T. D. SULLIVAN.

## A Very Great D ff rence.

She—George, dear, do you know the differ-ence between Capt. Williams and the Pravident? George—Couldn't think for the life of ma. She—Why! Capt. Williams is "one of the finest," but, George, dear, "Grover Cleveland is the finest man in the ARISTOCRACT IN ENGLAND. (Copyright, 1906, by Adam Badesa.) XXXIL

Literature and the Lords It is the fashion to say that in these days the barriers of rank are broken down, that literary reputation is a social passport, and genius opens all doors; that the aristocracy itself has entered the lists, and recognized the equality of poets and philosophers with its highest members. But nothing can be more lactous than this opinion. The lords open their doors to men and women of parts, it is true, but the purpose is to amuse themselves, not to do honor to literature. In old times they had their jesters and their bards to while away the time, or to chronicle their deeds. Froissart and Ben Jonson were little more in their syes, So the Queen still keeps a Poet Laureate to celebrate the births and marriages of her progeny; and duchesses have authors and actors at their parties to entered. Their systems of the progent of the progen some of the earliest copies of the Morning Post, another old London paper, born in 1782, as well as a collection of the Whitehall Ecening Pos from 1780, the Freeman's Journal from 1763, the

relation, to a not endury 2, titue in setters, a drawy instory: the Dutto of Arreil, has discretification in plashing quite eventually and the religion, in a lashing quite eventually and the religion, in a lashing quite eventually and the religion of the set of the control of

BARLY ENGLISH REWSPAPERS.

As Hour to the Newspaper Room of the LONDON, May 8 .- Bearing ahead, if you have entered the Manuscript saloon of the British Museum from the hall side, you come to a new and most valuable department-the Newspaper Room. It was in October, 1885, that the trustees of the museum. fully sensible of the want, opened that annex, where students can consult old numbers of the leading London newspapers, of some of the Scotch, Irish, and provincial journals, and of a very few American and colonial papers. The consulter will see there the first number of the oldest English written paper, the London Gazette, published at the beginning under the name of the Oxford Gazette; and he will receive also, if he inquire for them, some of the early copies of the Times started by Mr. John Walter on Jan. 13, 1785, as the Daily Universal Register, price 2%d." It was only on Jan. 1, 1788, that the great metroolitan organ assumed the name of the Times. As to the Oxford Gazette, the first number of became the London Gazette on Feb. 1 of the same year. Do not think that this is a misprint. At that time England was still under the old calendar, and February came then after November, the legal and religious year beginning on the 25th of March. It was only in 1751 that England substituted the Gregorian for the Julian calendar. In this room are shelved also

another old London paper, born in 1782, as well as a collection of the Whitehall Evening Post from 1780, the Freeman's Journal from 1763, the Scotsman from 1828, the Sandard, the Daily News, the Daily Telegraph, and others. The Standard was established in 1827, the Daily News on Jan. 21, 1846, and the Daily Telegraph on June 29, 1855.

The student cannot get in this newspaper saloon the journals of the day, for those must first be collected in large bound volumes, which means, for Instance, that the latest number of the Times on fills to-day is the one of Dec. 31, 1855. Persons desirous to simply acquaint themselves with the latest news, and who have no clubto goto, must still continue to stop at a coffee house or apply at a private reading room. This will probably remain so, for, notwithstanding their liberality, the trustees of the museum are not likely to ever present the public with such a boon. Not only would any undertaking of that kind on their bart be contrary to the spirit of the institution, which is only to supply resources for students and not pastine for loungers, but it would be far beyond their pecuniary means.

The public, as shown by the following figures, not yet printed, but kindly communicated to me by Mr. D. Eccles, superintendent of the newspaper room, was not slow in justifying the correctness of the estimate of its wants. In November, 1885, the first full month after it had been opened, 530 consulters prused its valuable contents. This number increased to about 530 in January, 1886, and 780 in April last, in November, 1885, the number of volumes consulted reached about 3,550 and came close to 3,750 in January, 1886, and to 6,700 in April last, in November, 1885, the number of volumes daily asked for by each reader varies from six to eight. The figures referring to the admission to the newspaper room do not exactly represent in the great reading room, which have a sound to the admission to the refer to newspapers in addition to books of the librarian. However, if the student does not inte

news from Ireland;

DUBLIS, NOV. 4.—The House of Commons express their sad resentment that some persons who had the honor of being members of that House, and consequently were admitted to consult on the weighty affairs of the king dom, should be so far debaucht from their duty as to conspire against the Government and join themselves in raising a rebellion. \* \* \* and vote that the House appoints Thursday morning next, at ten o'clock, to hear the members of the House thus charged with treason.

The paper seems to be somewhat loosely typed as to dates, for it is supposed to only record events from Nov. 1, to Nov. 16, 1665, and yet it gives the following news from Paris dated the 18th: The Marcchal de Turenne arrived here on Sunday last from the frontiers.

Elsewhere I read that The Dutch are said to have pursued our merchants up to the very mount of Tangiers, whence, by the fire of the great battery and of the muskeeters the Lord Beliasis had very seasonably disposed there, they were best off, and the best of merchants preserved riding in defance of the first of the contract of the season of the contract o

Londoners of that defiant epoch would seem to already have had some means of gratifying their partiality for statistics, for those somewhat gloomy figures relating to the London last weekly bill of mortality appear at the bottom of the paper:

THE INPART RING OF SPAIN.

Semerbing About his Mother-His Pather's Fatal Dinner-His Wedding Ring. LONDON, May 10,-Marie Christine Dasirée Henriette Rénière of Hapsburg-Lorraine. Queen and Regent of Spain, Arch-duchess of Austria, lineal descendant of

the great Empress Marie Therese. was born on July 21, 1858. Her father died when she was barely 6 years old, and her education was undertaken almost entirely by her mother, the Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Joseph, Hungarian Palatine, one of the most eminently distinguished women of Europe. Whatever future may be reserved to Spanish monarchy, whether the throne of the Bourbons wid stand or be overthrown, Marie Christine's name must for ever fill a page of

history. She was only one year younger than her husband. She is tall and elegant. Her figure is perfect; her narrow feet, taper fingers. and slender and rounded wrists reveal the purity of her race. Her fair hair is loosely, carelessly, but becomingly arranged. Her eyes, erroneously called dark, are in reality of deep grey blue, shielded by black lashes. She

eyes, erroneously called dark, are in reality of deep grsy blue, shielded by black lashes. She walks with a graceful yet commanding dignity, which is one of her most characteristic charms. Knowing several European languages, she found no difficulty in acquiring Spanish, and promptly spoke the language almost without a foreign accent. Seemingly pilant and reserved, she can, when circumstances demand it, prove herself armed with the qualities of courage and determination, and possessed of high intelligence. Her charity is discreet and discriminate, neither weak nor ostentatious, and from a sense of duty she did not hesitate to introduce into the inner administration of the large, sombre, dreary palace of Madrid, every one feit to be urgent without having the initiative to inaugurate them.

When it was decided that the young Archduchess should become the second wife of Altonso XII, she could not help feeling what a powerful rival she had in the memory of Queen Mercedes, the idolized bride of her future husband, who had died at 18 after six months of perfect and passionate wedded blies. But the young girl, far from attempting to banish the vision of the King's lost love, resolved to take her as a model in order to win his affection. In the villa of Arcachon, where the first interview took pince between the engaged couple, Don Alfonso at once noticed on his finacce's table a portrait of Mercedes. The future Queen murmured in broken accents of atrong emotion that her only ambition was to resemble in all respects the woman whom she was to succeed, with no hope of ever being able to replace her. The following day she received from the King a note, in which the ardent and poetic nature of the young monarch breathed, which taught ner that she had succeeded in touching his heart, and that her marriage would not be mercely one of commance.

King a note, in which the ardent and poetic nature of the young monarch breathed, which taught her that she had succeeded in touching his heart, and that her marriage would not be merely one of convenance.

On Nov. 27, 1879, Madrid, with transports of loyalty and yoy, acclaimed her new Queen, Marie Christine, whose nuprials were solemnized in the old sanctuary of Atocha, At the close of the ceremony the bride, her head crowned with the diadem, her royal robes sparkling with diamonds, turned abruptly, left her place, and, moving toward the Archduchess Elizabeth, fell upon her knees and implored the maternal blessing. This simple and spontaneous flial homage predisposed the whole court in her favor, and allayed a misgiving that she would assume an authority and influence which, perhaps, her new subjects were at first ill inclined to conceds to her. The Queen lived at her husband's side, satisfied with the possession of the heart she had conquered unwilling to interfere in public affairs, leaving him absolute master, content to surround him with a deep, silent, unquestioning affection, all gentleness and devotion, and yet ever ready to accept any share of his trials and anxieties which he was tempted to lay upon her. A few months after his marriage, Don Alfonso, as he was recintering the palace in a victoria, with his wife sented beside him, was shot at nearly point blank. A miracle alone saved his life. The Queen in that minute of supreme danger, showed the greatest calmness and presence of mind, and the same evening appeared in the state box of the Theatre Iteal, where the royal couple were received with the most enthusiaste appliance.

Marie Christine had not to lead the life of the historical Queen of Spain, who, like crowned nuns, could neither come, go, sleep, dress, nor eat as they chose. She and her husband escaped as often as they could from the trammels of etiquette. They hunted they had private theatireals and concerts, and small intimate dances and parties, and when at the Granja Marie Christine freely

chivalrous Spaniards may give her the same enthusiastic worship paid by the Hungarians

har regency may yet recall the glorious days of Isabel of Castile, and that the faithful and chivalrous Spaniards may give her the same enthusiastic worship paid by the Hungarians to her great ancestress.

Spain is not in vain the land of poetical superstition and supernatural warnings, and some of the incidents bearing on the doath of King Alfonso have been of a nature to intensity the belief in fatality and superhuman agencies. Last year when Don Alfonso visited Aranjuez to encourage by his presence the cholera patients, he dined at the royal residence with his suite. During the first course one of the guests rose and crawed permission to withdraw. On being interrogated, he, with imprudent frankness, explained that they had sat down thirteen, and that he deemed it better for one to retire. The King hunghingly bade all present remain; then turning gayly to the Duke of Castilieges, a son of Marshal Prim. told him to take down the names of all the guests, so as to be able to verify the truth of the prediction, adding: "I am curious to know which of them will die first!"

Of the thirteen, he was the only one who did not survive they year.

On the occasion of his first marriage with his cousin Mercedes, the daughter of the Duke of Montpersier, he had presented to her a sample little ring among all the sumptuous genis of the corbsille. The bride placed it on her fined and never after that day removed it, At her death the young widower took the ring and sout time, and the trinket pnessed into the hands of the Infanta Amelia del Plar, sister of the Corbsille. The stream of the Downger Queen Christine, his grandmother. She only lived a short time, and the trinket pnessed into the hands of the Infanta Amelia del Plar, sister of the King, who died a very few days after receiving it from her brother. For the third time the ring was returned to Don Alfonso, who, at her wish, gave it to his sister-in-law, Christine, his grandmother, second younger many hother, has dense of the first of the first of the survey of the presen

# A Beautiful Ceremony,

From the Athany Argus.

A Beautiful Ceremony.

From the Atlany Argus.

Mayor Thacher bowed with unction when he entered the executive chamber vectorially siteration. He executive than the executive chamber vectorially siteration. He executive the executive chamber vectorially siteration. He executive chamber is severe that, while a small burne of these forested in severe that, while a small burner of these forested in severe that are the forest of these of the execution of the entered part of the entered forest of the entered for an entered for an entered for a second forest of the entered forest of the entered forest of the entered forest of the entered for a second forest of the entered fo